Harold Weisberg
Rt. 7, Frederick, Md. 21701
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Mr. A.C. Spectorsky,
Editorial Director, Playboy
919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill. 60611

Dear Mr. Spectorsky,

Thankx you for the courtesy of the tearsheets of the Capote interview and the offer of consideration of a letter. Because I have just returned from an intensive trip, with copious notes untyped, to a wife with a temporary incapacity, please excuse the rough draft and poor typing.

Should you find my thoughts of interest, please edit them any way you consider necessary. I presume you may want to shorten what I will regard as a too-brief denunciation and perhaps will want to moderate it. You need not return any changes to me for approval. I am helping EricNorden with his Minuteman piece. He expects to be here in four days. I will show him the carbon.

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Of the unended, needless trauma following the great tragedy of the Kennedy assassination, one caused all the rest. That is the abdication of the intellectuals to whom our society normally turns for leadership and direction. Not a single established writer penned a single, serious questioning word. Truman Capote had his "Cold Blood" and hot millions. Dwight Macdonald had his own kind of literary masturbation. He also held tightly to an unfulfilled and uncancelled contract, thus denying this chance to be published to those who assumed the responsibility he abandoned.

So it remained to those of us previously unknown to redeem the honor of our craft in our quest for that of our country. We faced no adversary more resolute than the established literati, none more unified or ignorant, and certainly none more determined to alchemize its ignorance into reality. More than 100 publishers rejected my first book, also the first on the subject and the one that opened it, before it became its own kind of privately-print...

opened it, before it became its own kind of privately-published best-seller and was reprinted by a house that had thrice declined it, twice without reading.

Literary cowards then silent now become heros, cudgling for the establishment press that makes them wealthy, their frivolities important; apologizing for the richer pimps for whom they whore. Witness Capote:

"I've read three or four of the most prominent books critical of the Warren Report, and I've also read the Warren Report...I believe the Report is correct in all its essentials..."

Capote thus becomes unique, the only man to read the Report and still believe it.

For him knowledge comes easily: he simply invents it to serve his predetermined purposes. One flick of the forked tongue and instant evidence. When a President is gunned down on the streets of an American city, in broad daylight, and then consigned to history with the dubious epitaph of a questionable official inquiry by the government that came into power by that murder, to Capote and his sick and craven ilk those who established the inadequacy of that inquiry are "vultures"and "nit-pickers":

"But I do understand very well all this nit-picking and speculation that's going on, because most of it is monetary; a bunch of vultures has discovered that pecking at the carrion of a dead President is an easy way to make a living."

This from the man who sells his own superficial scrivenings by blatant homosexual self-display on the cover of his book and then boasts that it "improved my love (!) life(!); a wide variety of attractive (!) people(!) became highly available." (Ugh!)

I leave it to Capote to make his living, if that is what it is, his own way. But for the record, I think Playboy should note that with one exception, all the profit is on the other side, that it is sycophancy that pays. One never hears Congressman Ford, one of the architects of the needless tragedy of the fake investigation, termed a "vulture", even though his (ghosted) books was the first. Legal eminence Louis Nizer, who wrote a glowing endorsement of the Warren Report when

100% of the alleged backstopping was unavailable and sold it in a commercial version of the official document is not a scavenger. ll of the staff of the martyred President, from the nanny of his children to his fat-mouthed flack are hardly vultures, although their fame and wealth comes from his murder. Least of all wrong to the omniscient writer Capote is the new dedication to the freedom of writers in Pierre Salinger's introduction to the professional apology by ass-kissing White House Correspondent Charles Roberts. ("The Truth About The Kennedy Assassination". "Truth" to Roberts is like "love" to a whore.) Here Unplucky Pierre demanded that writers not in accord with the official fiction not be heard.

Manchester, made a millionaire by his own peculiar fiction and the special scandal he personally manufactured, "alone and unassisted", is hardly a "vulture pecking on the carrion of a dead President".

Only those of whom Capote certainly is not one, those who seek discovery of the murderers and recapture of the integrity of our society, only we are "vultures".

Typically, Capote boasts friendship with Brother Robert Kennedy. It he can lift his mind from the literary pig-trough long enough to try and understand the reality of the world he makes so obscene, and if he has but a slight portion of the wisdom and understanding he pretends, he might, special thing that he is, enjoy the new assassination, the political one, being committed before his eyes. It is that of the "beloved brother", right now being framed with responsibility for the lousy investigation over which he exercised no responsibility by those who did.

Those who have Capote for a friend need no enemies.

I am proud he declares himself mine.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg